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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1912.

THE BROAD STREET CARNIVAL.

The carnival of noise on Broad Street Christmas Eve is not in keeping with the spirit of the great Christian holiday. It is not dignified, nor in very good taste, and we doubt whether it is really very amusing to many people who participate in the fun. But it is for the most part a very harmless and innocent kind of gaiety that the crowd seeks, and it is not easy to define another person's idea of pleasure. Therefore, as long as the police can keep the merry-makers in such admirable control as on Tuesday evening, and as long as no real harm is done to life or property, or to morals, public or private, why should the carnival be viewed as a disgraceful orgy?

The notion that the police can absolutely prevent this noisy celebration is foolish. But the police can do much to keep it clean and to make it brief. They can check with stern hand any invasion of personal rights, and any disorder of the drunken or licentious character. In particular, they can institute a reform with regard to what kinds of fireworks shall be permitted. The torpedo-cane should be barred absolutely. It is dangerous in some cases, and in all it is disagreeable and nerve-racking. This year two or three minor injuries have resulted from the careless use of these weapons. They are charged with an explosive too powerful to be entrusted to hilarious boys in a crowd. They are exploded almost under foot. Women and children would be glad to have them banished. An ordinance prohibiting the sale of the canes and caps on the ground of public safety should be passed and enforced. Keep the dealers from selling them, and the problem is solved.

The true remedy for the pointless noise on Broad Street is to furnish a more sensible and beautiful means of celebrating. In New York this year, they had an enormous Christmas tree in Madison Square. Why should not Richmond arrange for some out-door bazaar, or ceremony, that will afford the pleasure-seekers a good time, and also symbolize the spirit of Christmas? In St. Louis, the churches organized bands of carol-singers, who went through the residence districts and to the clubs and sang for sweet charity. The donations were used to help the poor. Young people need the joy of Christmas. They should have merriment. They blow horns because they have not been taught any better things to do. Even Tuesday on Broad Street the fact that the paraders kept scrupulously to the right in two marching lines shows how deep-rooted is the sense of law and order. They were not seeking mischief, but pleasure. Next year let us try to provide some finer kind of pleasure.

THE DELHI BOMB.

The attempted assassination of Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, upon the occasion of his ceremonial entry into Delhi, was probably the individual act of a fanatic. It is to be hoped that such it was.

But, on the other hand, it may have been instigated by conspiracy among either of two elements. Great resentment was aroused in Bengal over the decision to remove the capital to Delhi, a decision inspired not only by considerations of health, but of what was deemed wise policy, as having for its object attacking the native rulers of the old order. More closely to the British regime of overlordship, Delhi is the ancient seat of the Mogul power, and historically, traditionally and sentimentally it has a tremendous hold upon the Indian underclass. Especially is this true of the Mohammedan "princes" and their subjects or servants. It is possible, therefore, that the would-be assassin was the agent of a Bengalese plot of vindictiveness and revenge.

However, it is an open secret that the invasion and occupation of Tripoli by Italy, the Anglo-Russian understanding virtually partitioning Persia, and the Balkan Christian war upon Turkey, have been made the opportunity for a propaganda among the Indian Mohammedans, offering a combination of the Christian power to crush out the last independent Mohammedan state, and eventually Islamism itself. The propaganda has come to the knowledge of the British, have been going from city to city, disseminating that "warning" and although the local rulers assembled at Delhi to receive and do honor to the Viceroy were swift to repudiate and denounce the murderous assault upon him and affirm, and no doubt sincerely and honestly, their loyalty to British rule, it may well be possible, again, that the concealed hand that hurled the bomb was impelled by conspirators and religious fanatics of the lower order of the faithful.

Keeping these facts in view, particularly in connection with the unrest that has existed in India ever

since Lord Morley and other British altruists began to imbue the native mind with the idea of more "self government," an ambition for which manifested itself in the attempt on the life of Lord Minto in 1905, the assassination of Sir William Curzon-Wyllie, the plotting in several parts of the country a short while back, the unearthing of the "Bengal conspiracy," the Perils and several other similar cases, it is peculiarly unfortunate that the would-be murderer of Lord Hardinge was undetected.

Notwithstanding the "confidence" of the Indian authorities that the act had no significance beyond individual fanatical impulse, when is remembered the mysterious and occult methods of communication that characterize the natives, in the absence of any clue to a plot, if plot there was, and any means of following its ramifications, the government must lie in the shadow of a terror.

Of no land on the face of the globe could this be truer than of India.

WILSON'S WELCOME.

When Woodrow Wilson reaches Staunton on Saturday he will receive the heartiest welcome that Virginia knows how to give to a returning son. The child Presbyterianism of a December day will certainly be thawed clear through, and Mr. Wilson will do well if he limits himself to appointing one-half of Staunton's citizens to fine far Federal offices. And why not? It would be a sure and speedy remedy for all future troubles with office-seekers. It would cut the Gordian knot at one blow; it would devour the apple, core and all, at one gulp, and it would depopulate Staunton—that is the only drawback.

There are 19,664 souls all told in the chief city of great Augusta, and about 11,000 offices still left to the appointing power of the President. No doubt, then, that every citizen of Staunton and many a visitor from far and near could be led by the lure of Federal office, as the children of Hamelin followed the Pied Piper upon a certain occasion, for, though the witchery of that piping is mythical, the attraction of having the United States government as paymaster is known and remarked of all.

Let Mr. Wilson then unbend ever so little, let him but dare to do even for a moment that austerity with which Mr. Watterson has taxed him, and we may see the solution of the Federal office problem and the dissolution of Staunton.

Let Mr. Wilson then stand firm. Let him resist the old enchantment of his childhood's home, and steel himself against all generous impulses, for no man can hope to withstand with his usual reserve the warmth of such a welcome as Staunton is preparing for Saturday.

THE WAGES OF WOMEN.

The Public Service Corporation of New Jersey has made a practical attempt to settle the minimum-wage problem by announcing through its president that women workers for the company will hereafter be paid at least \$9 per week. The reason given is that any less amount makes the maintenance of efficiency and self-respect for a woman perilously difficult. This is not the first big corporation to learn that propriety, morality and expediency, as well as cold laws or supply and demand, should have a part in fixing wage scales. But it is particularly interesting in this case, as the Public Service Company has not had an altogether enviable reputation for the highest delicacy in meeting its civic responsibilities. It is interesting as a sign of the trend of modern economic morals.

The amount set as a standard is productive of speculation. It is infinitely better than the \$5 and \$6 salaries that have been too common among women workers. But does it provide for a really satisfactory essential living at the present rates? All that can be said of the new scale is that it protects the woman from actual want and from the temptations of poverty. It means that an industrious and frugal worker can live in tolerably decent surroundings, keep clean and maintain the physical strength needed for hard toil. But it allows precious little for what might be called civilization. It is the mere recognition that the human machinery cannot be kept going for less. It is not an answer to the deeper needs. Nor does it allow anything for the demands of society, for education, for advance in the social scale, or for the provision of something for old age or sickness.

But this innovation answers only part of the problem. The other half lies in what may be demanded of the worker in return for \$9. An unscrupulous employer can meet this demand, yet still exploit his helpless female labor in many cruel and merciless ways. We must go farther yet in defining what is a reasonable amount of work for a dollar. Then the equation between the work and the wage can be more justly determined. When this has been fixed, and the right of the employer to expect a certain amount of efficiency and skill in return for his money, and a certain protection against being made to pay a minimum wage to those who cannot even earn that, we shall have begun to make the economic adjustment of which the present advance is a favorable, but not a conclusive, token.

REAL TARIFF RESEARCH POSSIBLE.

In his annual report, which has recently been transmitted to Congress, Secretary Nagel makes a remarkable announcement. He states that the original act creating the Bureau of Labor authorized that bureau to conduct original and scientific tariff investigations. During the past session of Congress, when the Bureau of Statistics and the Bureau of Manufactures were

consolidated into what is now known as the Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce, the authority to collect tariff data was transferred from the Bureau of Labor to the new bureau. The law now authorizes this bureau "to ascertain at an early date as possible, and whenever industrial changes shall make it essential, the cost of producing articles at the time dutiable in the United States, in leading countries where such articles are produced, by fully specified units of production and under a classification showing the different elements of cost, or approximate cost, of such articles of production, including the wages paid in such industries a day, week, month or year, or by the piece, and hours employed a day, and the profits of manufacturers or producers of such articles, and the comparative cost of living and kind of living; what articles are controlled by trusts or other combinations of capital, business operations or labor, and what effect said trusts or other combinations of capital, business operations or labor have on production and prices."

Secretary Nagel's discovery clearly shows that the present administration used the now defunct Tariff Board as a pretext for delaying revision. Had a disinterested and scientific investigation under the auspices of the Department of Commerce and Labor of the industrial and commercial facts relative to the tariff been sincerely desired, Congress would undoubtedly have made an appropriation for this purpose at the time when it refused additional funds to the Tariff Board. An appropriation for tariff research by the Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce should now be made by the Democrats. In addition to developing valuable information, it would effectually check the present movement for a nonpartisan tariff commission, which, in reality, is another effort to postpone real tariff revision.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF TROUSERS.

The world is so full of a number of things that Stevenson was quite right when he said we should all be as happy as kings. One of the things the world is full of, for which we are now asked to be happy, is trousers. Somebody has discovered that this is the centennial year for those highly useful articles. It is just a hundred years since men stretched their nether garments downward to cover their shins. At least, so say the tailors. How they know the date is as much a mystery as is the reason for putting a pair of useless buttons on the tail of a frock coat. But it seems to be established that about 1812 men were wearing knee breeches, and that shortly after that time they began to wear long trousers or pantaloons.

The fixing of the date of a custom is more dubious than the fixing of a date for an event. It may be true that the style of long trousers was established in 1812, but certainly some wise men with thin legs, or even fat cold ones, must have realized the advantages of covering them long before that. The New York Times points out that Roman soldiers wore them in their northern campaigns, and in France during the Revolution the lower classes were so clad. Sailors in this country had adopted the loose flowing pantaloons by 1800. On the other hand, Jefferson and some of the first of our Presidents wore short breeches much later, and conservative old gentlemen scoffed at the new fashion as late as 1850.

Aside from the history, the interesting point is, What are we going to do about it? Why celebrate? And, if we do, what form shall the gala occasion take? Apparently trousers are among the other necessary evils. They deserve commemorative odes about as much to those useful appendages, a nose and ears. We fear this is but a reaction against the universal feminism of the age. Men are going to celebrate something that no woman can have a share in. It is a kind of forlorn hope. It is symbolic. It is the assertion of a down-trodden masculinity that a hundred years ago fashions were made for men. A hundred years from now there may be no men to celebrate. But, for our part, we would care for only a small share in the ceremony. That would be to touch a match to the horrid effigy of the man who first discovered that trousers had to be pressed.

We wonder if Fulton is really justified in worrying so much about where it will put its electric line?

We agree with Colonel Mosby that whatever else Christmas may be for, it certainly is for eating Virginia ham.

We will now observe the pleasant phenomenon of a perfectly healthy girl paralyzed by seeing a piece of mistletoe over her head.

"The suggestion that Thomas Nelson Page be sent as American ambassador to Great Britain is meeting with considerable approval and no opposition. Page is a scholar and a gentleman, and a Virginia gentleman, sub. at that!" exclaims the Montgomery Advertiser from the South, while the Springfield Republican on the North declares that he is "an accomplished man whose appointment should be well received on various grounds, as well upon that of adding one more name to the list of those authors who have adorned our diplomatic service."

Isn't it lucky that the cynos is as suitable for Christmas as the mistletoe is for the Fourth of July?

What effect will the appointment of the new Building Inspector have on the growth of Greater Richmond?

If the results in the Police Court are a sign, the Christmas revelers must have had a "fine" time.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Some New Year's Hints.

Say, wouldn't it be rather swell in this country to dwell
If every single whizze wagon chauffeur
Would swear off running at the rate
Of ninety miles an hour and wait
At crossings for the common walking duffer.

And then, again, if all the gents
Who wield the razor would commence,
On New Year's Day, a silent contemplation
Of all events and never count
The atmosphere with talk that's loud,
Monopolizing all the conversation.

And if the girl clerks in the stores
Would swear off treating us as bores
And conductors yell so we could understand 'em,
And would not give the doubtful stare
At every coin that's paid for fare
And never bite the nickles that we hand 'em.

And if the laundryman would swear
That no collars they would tear,
Nor starch the handkerchiefs so stiff and rigid
That it seems just like it were kin
Unto a sheet of roof tin.
Nor forget to send our shirts when weather's frigid.

And if the bunch of city dads
Would swear to try and earn the cents
They're paid for sitting in the council meeting,
And if in every trolley car
The company would go so far
As to provide some better way of heating.

If these pipe dreams should e'er come true
The chance will then be given you
Your native town to take some honest pride in.
'Twill be the only perfect one
That can be found beneath the sun:
A very pleasant village to reside in.

Another Dizzy Revolution.

Nicaragua, the comic opera republic, bounded on the north by revolutionists, on the south by reconcentrados, on the east by mosquitoes and on the west by fleeing ex-Cabinet ministers, is just now reveling in the ecstatic delights of another war. The greatest excitement possibly. Several hens have been captured by the invading army and the President has been unseated after a bloodless campaign of one day. Members of the far-famed Gomez, Estrada, Zelaya and Tamame families are arrayed in their best uniforms, and some of them honored the occasion by putting on shoes and stockings.

This thing happens every once in awhile in the Central American belts. Presidents who go to work in the morning meet themselves coming back out of a job, and if one gets down late in the morning he is more than likely to find a new dictator with his feet on the desk. The war was generally less harmful and dangerous than the average Fourth of July celebration in an American town of 600, but the fiery revolutionists have to do something for excitement, and their only other amusement, chicken-fighting, is bound to pall upon them occasionally. There seems to be little hope of ever securing stability of government in that section.

Popular Song.

In days of old, when nights were cold,
And blizzards blew this way,
No bandit bold, the hard cold sold,
No trust magnate held sway,
No trust magnate held sway.

Chorus—(By the congregation).
Alas and alack!
Here is the winter coming back
And the evenings are getting mighty nippy.

To buy a ton of coal
Tries the poor man provider's soul,
And makes the common cuss go slightly dippy.

They used to eat all kinds of meat
In the days of old King Sol,
No trust complete, the people beat,
By bluster, bluff, and gall and gail.
By bluster, bluff, and gall.

Chorus.
In days of Julius Caesar
The ordinary geaser
Had a chance to eat some porters' house or mutton,
But it's very different recently
The trusts can't treat us decently;
They're no chance now to e'er be called a glutton.

'Twas fun to take their ples and cake
In the good old days of Adam;
There were no four trusts in the land,
For it was before they had 'em,
For it was before they had 'em, had 'em.

Voice of the People

The Four Great Epochs of Mankind—
Brain, Education, Religion and
the Suffragist.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Nature has always come to the rescue of mankind. God created Nature to benefit mankind and everything that lives, provided that they followed the laws of Nature. Nature came to man's assistance when the wild beasts were too strong and too numerous, and gave man brains to conquer the beasts. Nature came to man's help, with education, to utilize her treasures. Nature, when man thought he knew more than his Maker, gave him religion, to show him the difference. And now, after hundreds of years of man's struggling with

Abe Martin

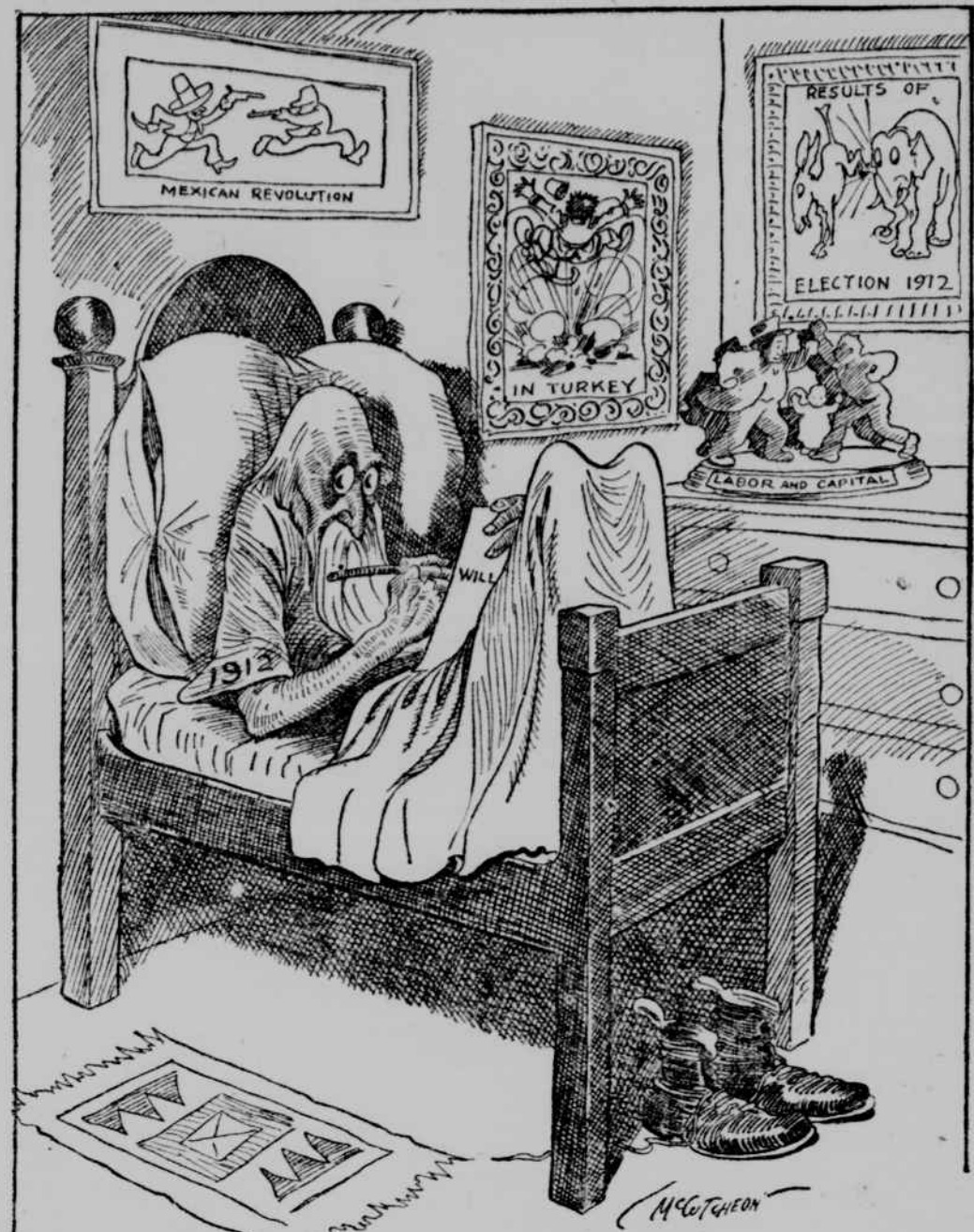


It changes the whole appearance of the town when some fellows dress up. A fellow with architects' whiskers never looks right in politics.

MAKING HIS WILL.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright, 1912, by John T. McCutcheon.]



himself, Nature has taken matters into her hands and given man the suffragist. Nature never makes mistakes. The Lord created Nature, and Nature created the suffragist. The real suffragist is a woman of brains, education, religion and goodness, and one of Nature's great laws is that like begets like or the likeness of some ancestor.

JOHN H. CHAFFIN.

V. P. I. Not V. M. I. Genius.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—In your issue of the 24th inst., in a letter from Williamsburg, Va., reference is made to the recent invention of Cyrus Hankins while in the employ of the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Roanoke. He is erroneously represented as a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, instead of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, from which he graduated with the class of 1911.

The motorcycle to which your Williamsburg correspondent refers, was constructed by Mr. Hankins in the V. P. I. shops during spare hours. This ingenious machine excellently demonstrated the young man's originality.

W. M. BLODIE,
Secretary of the Local Alumnae Association of the V. P. I.

Flag of our country and our pride,
For which brave Southern fought and died.
In days ago.

At Bunker Hill at Lindy's Lane,
On Bunker Hill at Lindy's Lane,
Their valor shown.

Yet came the day their children saw
Their fathers' flag would overawe
Rights all their own.

They flew to arms, to field of Mars,
Where waved the glorious "Stars and Bars."
'Neath Southern sun.

That banner, conquer'd tho' it be,
Immortalized the name of Lee,
And Jackson, too;

That banner borne on many a field
By men who made "Old Glory" yield,
So brave, so true.

That banner, borne without a stain,
Will float no more o'er battle plain.
Its day is past.

And yet no trace of hatred stirs
The Southern heart, "Old Glory" hers
Her own at last.

Thank God for this auspicious day,
When bitterness has passed away;
When North and South
While honoring their heroic men
Concede their quarrel settled then
At cannon's mouth.

Auspicious day, when Gray and Blue
Admit alike both sides were true,
New world revive
Wars passions long since pass'd away,
Which only demagogues to-day
Would keep alive.

Henceforth, Old Glory, ever wave,
Not o'er one solitary slave,
But nation free.

Of peace and civic righteousness
The world to sweeten and to bless
The emblem be.

DEVAL PORTER.

Restraint to Slain.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Gladstone, N. C., December 25.—Charles Davis, a young negro, who had threatened to kill his father-in-law and wife in the act of coupling, was shot by a constable and another negro, and in their attempt to take the gun from him it was discharged and killed Victoria Begette, a negro woman. Davis was placed in jail to await trial at the next term of Wayne County Superior Court.

Little Boy Burned.

While playing around a street house Henry Howard, of 41 South Elm Street, six years old, was severely burned on his leg and body yesterday morning about 11:30 o'clock when his clothing took fire from the burning wood. The lad was treated by Dr. H. T. Hawkins, of the city ambulance, and taken to his home.

BROOKLYNITES HEADED THIS WAY

Party of Teachers, En Route to Virginia, Will Spend Sunday Here.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
New York, December 26.—Twenty-six Brooklynites left New York this afternoon for Old Point Comfort, Norfolk and Richmond on board the Old Dominion steamship Princess Anne on a trip under the auspices of the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, of which most of the voyagers are members.

The trip was arranged by Oliver U. McGort, chairman of the excursion committee of the association, and he accompanied the party. The steamer sailed at 2 o'clock, and is expected to arrive at Old Point Comfort tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. The day will be spent there and at Fortress Monroe.

At 6 o'clock in the afternoon the party will proceed to Norfolk, where it will spend Saturday, with an afternoon stay at Cape Henry and inspection of Virginia Beach.

Every Christmas a party of Brooklyn school teachers takes this trip to Virginia, but the party this year is much larger than heretofore. The Old Dominion dock was all a flutter this afternoon when the steamer sailed. The teachers are all comparatively young, and were jubilant over their tour.

Included in the party were the Misses J. Cunningham, A. Cunningham, Ida Tullin, Henrietta Leonard, Ida Kennedy, E. P. Dill, Ella Broberg, May Tolmason, Alice Stapleton, Grace Stapleton, Mary Stapleton, Alice Moore, Catherine Gallagher, A. G. Calahan, Margaret Callahan, E. J. Winham, M. S. Gerhardt and Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Ash. I. S. Hardy is trip conductor.

VESSEL WRECKED IN STORM AT SEA

Panama, Dec. 26.—The Italian steamer Tripolitania, from Genoa to Barry, Wales, was wrecked in Mounts Bay, on the extreme southwest coast of England, this afternoon. Twenty-seven of a crew of twenty-eight and a harpist escaped; the other was drowned.

The vessel had been buffeted by severe gales since Christmas morning. The captain and unable to get out of the bay, and determined to run ashore. The beach was lined with spectators, powerless to lend aid, who watched the vessel almost helpless in the grip of the wind and the tide. Finally the vessel's nose was pitched shoreward and she drove in under full steam, running deep into the sandy bottom. A few pipes were ripped up, and one by one the crew left the vessel, over which huge waves were breaking. One of the men was carried off by a heavy concher.

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CITY PROFITS BY HOLIDAY REVELS

Police Court Yields Revenue of \$1,235 in Two-Days' Session.

All records for one day's assessments in Police Court here were broken Wednesday morning, when Justice Crutchfield extracted \$510 in penalties from the pockets of Christmas revelers. At least, this was the amount of the fines imposed, but not all by any means were settled. With the \$425 of fines imposed by the famous justice yesterday morning, Christmas netted the city \$1,235 this year from holiday misbehavior.

Although arrests were fewer this Christmas than for many a year, the Police Justice handed out the limit of the law for persons guilty of carrying concealed weapons, and of firing pistols in the streets. A total of 116 sinners were arraigned in Police Court in the two days; sixty-three Christmas morning and thirty-three yesterday.

Twelve cases involving concealed weapons were heard. Two were dismissed; five fined \$100, two \$50, two \$10 and one \$25. The sergeant's det. in Police Court looked like an arsenal. Justice Crutchfield announced his intention of breaking up the practice of "rotting" guns during the Christmas holidays, and gave his first blows in the last two days.

Major Werner feels disposed to ask legislation from the Council against the torpedo canes, and will probably make some such recommendation to the Police Board.

Girl Badly Burned.

Ruby Woodard, seven years old, of 65 North Sixth Street, was badly burned yesterday morning when a lighted match which she ignited while playing with a box of matches set fire to her clothing. She was treated by Dr. H. T. Hawkins, of the city ambulance. Her injuries are serious, but not fatal.

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